

## THE DAILY PUBLIC LEDGER

Published Daily Except Sunday, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving and Christmas  
By The Ledger Publishing Company, Maysville, Kentucky.

C. E. DIETRICH Editor and General Manager

Local and Long Distance Telephone No. 46. Office—Public Ledger Building.

Entered at the Maysville, Kentucky, Postoffice as Second-class Mail Matter.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS—BY MAIL.

One Year .....	\$3.00
Six Months .....	1.50
Three Months .....	.75

## DELIVERED BY CARRIER.

Per month .....	25 Cents
Payable To Collector At End of Month.	

## WHAT OF THE PEOPLE?

In all political parties the self constituted "leaders" are casting around to determine who "they" will select to make the race for President and Vice President of the United States at the next election. Senator This and That and Congressman So and So and Boss Somebody Else are getting their heads together in an effort to hit upon some likely persons who will be acceptable to "them," and at the same time hoping and praying that the political lightning may strike himself.

The people? Pooh! They don't count. All the are expected or allowed to do is to trail along to the polls and vote as they are told to do. They are not supposed to think, because they are not credited by the leaders and the bosses with possessing any brains, to say nothing of rights.

When the "great ones" of the parties set their seal of approval or disapproval upon this man or that man, do they first go to the people of their districts and ascertain who THEY want for President? Not a bit of it!

For what do the "people" know of politics? What do they know of men and of the affairs of state? Who are they that they should even presume to have a voice in the selection of a standard bearer for a great political party?

At least, so reason the "great" and the "mighty." But some day there will come a change. Some day the man of the people will come into his own and the "great" and the "elect" will bow down to his wishes and crawl for his favor.

Some day this country will be a nation of the people and will be governed by the people, and their will will be a law unto itself.

Speed the day when the people are something more than just "the people."

## STRAY DOGS.

Maysville now is in the throes of an over-supply of dogs. The many stray animals are accounted for by the fact so many country dogs are becoming dissatisfied with their surroundings and moving to the city. They are aided and abetted by tobacco growers and farmers who permit them to follow to market. Once in Maysville the canines are immediately struck with the conveniences and advantages of our city and are lost to the farm.

In the East End around the warehouses, large droves congregate and are a menace to public safety and health.

Our state tax experts tell us dogs are the most valuable item on the tax list, producing even more revenue than diamonds, pianos, etc. If taxes were ever paid on at least a portion of the mongrels at liberty in and around this city the state debt would be a thing of the past. A dispatch from Louisville states dogs by the hundreds are being killed by the authorities, who fear an outbreak of rabies. The same condition holds true in many other parts of the state and neighboring states.

An animal evidently suffering from this dread malady attacked several persons on West Third street this week and escaped, probably to spread alarm and infection throughout the county.

The Jefferson county policy, if put into effect here, would prove a great relief to our residents.

Many kind-hearted people feed the birds during the winter, which makes them much better eating for the cats that these same people keep.

Autographs of distinguished men are hard to get, as Secretary Lansing is finding out in his endeavor to get Kaiser Bill to sign the Lusitania agreement.

It is suspected that out in the lobby the crowd gathered for the farmers' institutes discusses soils less than makes of automobiles.

The Congressmen would evidently rather vote for pensions than preparedness, as the former go more into their own districts.

Card playing is still being denounced by some people, but no one has so far been excommunicated for playing three old cat.

# Ford

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More than a million Fords are now in everyday use, everywhere. Here are some reasons for this remarkable record—quality—service—reliability—low price—economy of operation and maintenance and the character and responsibility of the Company—the Ford is certainly the only Universal car. Runabout \$390; Touring Car \$440; Coupelet \$590; Town Car \$640; Sedan \$740, f. o. b. Detroit. On sale at the Central Garage, 112, 114, 116 Market St.



## Stingaree

By E. W. Hornum.

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Kilbride then crept into the gunyah upon his hands and knees and found it less dark than he had supposed, the light filtering freely through the leaves and branches. At the inner extremity he found a mildewed blanket and the place where the musical box had evidently lain a long time, but there, though he delved to the elbows in the loosened earth, his discoveries ended. Puzzled and annoyed, Kilbride was on



He Was Covered by Two Revolvers, One of Them His Own.

the verge of cursing his subordinate, when all at once he was given fresh cause. The musical box had burst into selections from "The Pirates of Penzance."

"What the deuce are you at?" shouted the irate officer.

"Only seeing how it goes."

"Stop it at once, you fool! He may hear it!"

"You said the bird had flown."

"You dare to argue with me? By thunder, you shall see!"

But it was Subinspector Kilbride who saw most. Backing precipitately out of the gunyah, he turned round before rising upright—and remained upon his knees after all. He was covered by two revolvers, one of them his own, and the face behind the barrels was the one with which the last hour had familiarized Kilbride. The only difference was the single eyeglass in the right eye. And the strains of the musical box, so thin and tinkling in the open air, filled the pause.

"What in blazes are you playing at?" laughed the luckless officer, endeavoring to treat the affair as a joke even while the iron truth was entering his soul by inches.

"Rise another inch without my leave and you may be in blazes to see!"

"Look here, Bowen, what do you mean?"

"Only that Stingaree happens to be at home after all, Mr. Kilbride."

The victim's grin was no longer forced; the situation made for laughter even if the laughter were hysterical, and for an instant it was given even to Kilbride to see the cruel humor of it. Then he realized all it meant to



Stingaree Then Read Carefully the Latest Bulletin of a Reward.

him—certain ruin or a sudden death—and the drops stood thick upon his skin.

"What of Bowen?" he at length asked hoarsely. The idea of another victim came as some slight alleviation of his own grotesque case.

"I didn't kill him," said Stingaree.

"Good!" said Kilbride. It was something that two of them should live to share the shame.

"But wing him I did," added the bushranger. "I couldn't help myself. The beggar put a bullet through my hat. He did well only to get one back in the leg."

Kilbride longed to be winged and wounded in his turn, since blood alone could lessen his disgrace. On cooler reflection, however, it was obviously wiser to feign a surrender more abject than it might finally prove to have been.

"Well," said Kilbride, "you have the whip hand over me this time, and I give you best. How long are you going to keep me on my knees?"

"You can get up when you like," replied Stingaree. "If you prefer not to play the fool. So you were really going to take me this time, were you? I have really no desire to rub it in, but if I were you I should have kept that to myself until I'd done it. And you wanted to have me all to yourself? Well, you couldn't pay me a higher compliment, but I'm going to pay you a high one in return. You really did make me run for it last time and leave all sorts of things behind. To this time I mean to take them with me and leave you here instead. Nevertheless you're the only Victorian I have any respect for, Mr. Kilbride, or I should have gone to all this trouble to get you here."

Kilbride did not blanch, but he heard his apparent doom with a glittering eye and was deaf for a little to "The Pirates of Penzance."

"Oh, I'm not going to harm a good man like you," continued Stingaree, "unless you make me. Your friend Bowen made me, but I don't promise to fire low every time, mark you! There's another good man on the other side, Cairns by name. You know him, do you? He'll kick up his heels when he hears of this, but they do no better in New South Wales, so don't you let that worry you. To think you held both shooters at one stage of the game! I trusted you, and so you trusted me. If only you had known, eh? Hear that tune and know what it is? It's in your honor, Mr. Kilbride."

Placing both revolvers in his hip pocket, Stingaree then read carefully the latest bulletin of a reward for his capture, but before the tune ended, with a swift remorse induced by the dignity of Kilbride's bearing in humiliating disaster, he swooped upon the insolent instrument and stopped its tinkle by touching the lever with one revolver barrel while sedulously covering the sub-inspector with the other. The sudden cessation of the toy music, bringing back into undue prominence all the little harsh noises which had filled the air before, brought home to Kilbride a position which he had subconsciously associated with those malevolent strains as something the strict and unreal. He had known in his heart that it was real without grasping the reality until now. He flung up his fists in sudden entreaty.

"Put a bullet through me," he cried, "if you're a man!"

Stingaree shook a decisive head.

"Not if I can help it," said he. "But I fear I shall have to tie you up."

"That's slow death."

"It never has been yet, but you must take your chance. Get me that rope that's slung over the gunyah. It's got to be done."

Kilbride obeyed with apparent apathy, but his heart was inflamed with a sudden and infernal glow. Yes, it had never ended in death in any case that he could recall of this time honored trick of all the bush rangers; on the contrary, sooner or later most victims had contrived to release themselves. Well, one victim was going to complete his release by hanging himself by the same rope to the same tree. Meanwhile he confronted his captive grimly, the coil in both hands.

"There's a loop at one end," said Stingaree. "Stick your foot through it—either foot you like."

Kilbride obeyed, wondering whether his head would go through when its turn came.

"Now chuck me the other end."

It fell in coils at the bushranger's feet.

"Now stand up against that blue gun," he continued, pointing at the tree with Kilbride's revolver, his own being back at his hip, "and stand still like a sensible chap."

Stingaree then walked around and around the tree, paying out the long rope, yet keeping it taut, until it wound around tree and man from the latter's ankles to his armpits. Inactively Kilbride had kept his arms free to the last, but they were no use to him in his suit of hemp, and one after the other his wrists were pinned and handcuffed behind the tree. The cold steel came as a shock. The captive had counted on loosening the knots by degrees, beginning with those about his hands. But there was no loosening steel gyves like these; he knew the feel of them too well; they were Kilbride's own, that he had brought with him for Stingaree.

"Found 'em in your saddlebags while you were in my gunyah," explained the bushranger, stepping around to survey his handiwork. "Sorry to hear the kid, so to speak. But you see you were my most dangerous enemy on this side of the Murray."

The enemy did not look very dangerous as he stood in the dusk in the very heart of that forest, lashed to that tree, with his finger tips not quite meeting behind it and the blood already on his wrists.

(To be continued)

## CHAMP EARNS \$241,000.

New York, March 1.—"Jesse" Willard has earned \$241,000 since he became champion, announced Manager Tom Jones, after he had balanced his books for February. "Jesse got \$141,000 for his circus work, \$28,000 for newspaper writing and the balance came from theatrical engagements and other outside sources."

"In this total I am not including what Jesse will get for his bout with Moran. That will bring it close to \$290,000. In April Jesse will start his circus work again, and will get \$1,000 a day for 150 days. That means that Jesse Willard will have earned nearly half a million in less than eighteen months as the title holder."

## HOW TO GET STRONG

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The big sweet toned whistle that is now doing service on the large Pittsburgh and New Orleans towboat F. M. Wallace, is recognised by a number of rivermen as the whistle of the famous W. W. O'Neil, which previous to being dismantled several years ago, was one of the largest and most successful towboats on western waters.

Pilots Dayton Randolph and Tony Meldahl took the Homer Smith from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, and the Connor brothers pilot her on to New Orleans. The excursion steamer had aboard 130 passengers from Toronto, Canada, Buffalo, N. Y., and Oil City, Pa.

The engineers on the Kanawha river towboats J. T. Hatfield and Dorothy Barrett reported defects in the boilers on their respective boats to the federal inspectors, Clark and Thomas, of Point Pleasant, says the State Gazette. The engineers blame the owners and captains, who sometimes overload the boats and carry excessive steam in order to make faster time with tows.

Iceland's largest waterfall has been purchased by a British company which plans to develop 400,000 horsepower for the manufacture of atmospheric nitrogen.

## FOUR WEEKS IN HOSPITAL

Mrs. Brown Finally Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Cleveland, Ohio.—"For years I suffered so sometimes it seemed as though I could not stand it any longer. It was all in my lower organs. At times I could hardly walk, for if I stopped on a little stone I would almost faint. One day I did faint and my husband was sent for and the doctor came. I was taken to the hospital and stayed four weeks but when I came home I would faint just the same and had the same pains."

A friend who is a nurse said for me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I began taking it that very day for I was suffering a great deal. It has already done me more good than the hospital. To anyone who is suffering as I was my advice is to stop in the first drug-store and get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before you go home."—Mrs. W. C. BROWN, 1109 Auburn Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Why not take Mrs. Brown's advice? Write for free and helpful advice to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.

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## WHEN PA BEGINS TO SHAVE

An Uncle Bill he says, "Why, John, Yer face looks good as new. DUPLEX for ME!" The hired man Chimes in an' says, "Me, too!" An' I will buy one, too, you bet! I'm goin' to save an' save, it won't be very many years 'Fore I begin to shave!" (The End.)

See the complete poem in our window.

## PECOR DRUG STORE

**PUBLIC SALE.**  
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